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BY AGNES C. JORDAN



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# P O E M S

SOCIAL, MILITARY, AND DOMESTIC.

BY

AGNES C. JORDAN.

“Let labour have its due! my cot shall be  
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free:  
Let labour have its due;—then peace is mine,  
And never, never shall my heart repine.”

*Bloomfield.*

LONDON:

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LEICESTER: T. CHAPMAN BROWNE.

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1862.



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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR,

*These Unpretending Poems,*

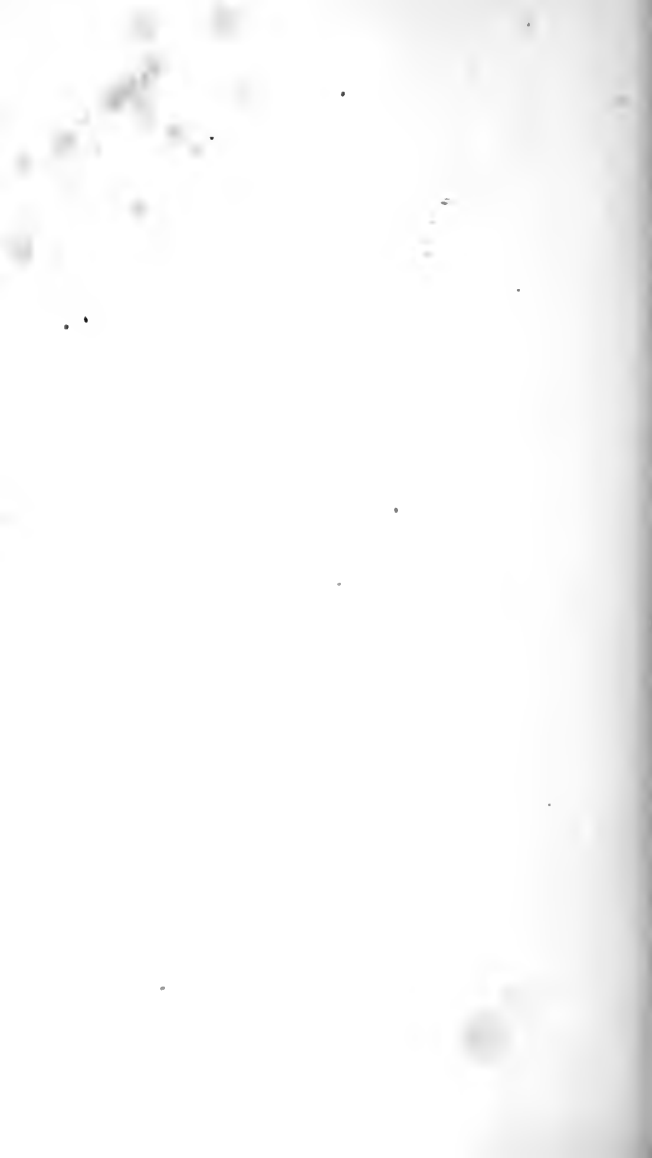
THE PRODUCTION OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, ARE,  
BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S MOST GRATEFUL AND MOST  
OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHORESS.

865182





## P R E F A C E .

A PREFACE is not always a necessary appendage to a book, but the authoress of the following pages feels too diffident of her poetical powers to entrust her little work to the rough ocean without saying one word to ensure it a favouring gale.

As a soldier's daughter, wife, and mother, she has naturally harped much on military themes ; more, perhaps, than on the feminine feelings, affections, and duties which have formed a large portion of her happiness. Her "gentle readers" will make allowance for this preponderance of battle subjects ; and will also,

## PREFACE.

she trusts, pardon the many imperfections of her verses from the circumstances under which they were written. Criticism she hardly ventures to deprecate, for she can scarcely expect that her effusions will be thought worthy of it. Such as they are, she commits them to the public in the hope that they may not be found undeserving of a humble place amongst the many poetical works of higher pretensions. To the numerous subscribers who have been pleased to patronize her little volume, she begs to make her most grateful acknowledgments.

*Leicester. May 25, 1862.*

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## ON THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BRITANNIA weeps ! her sons are slain !  
They lie on Alma's grassy plain ;  
They sleep—ah ! never more to wake !  
No bugle shall their slumbers break.  
A trumpet with a louder blast  
Must break that leaden sleep at last.  
Oh, on the eve of that great day  
How wearied ! yet their hearts were gay ;  
And 'neath the morrow's dawning sun  
Their faith and fondest hopes were one.  
A marshal'd host, with varied mien,  
It was a wondrous sight, I ween ;  
But, ah ! in undisturbed repose,  
Long, long before that day's dark close,  
They slept, who with the sun arose—  
Their life-blood mingling with their foes'.

Soon as the combat's strife began,  
Down Alma's heights in streams it ran ;  
And they so late their country's pride  
Lay cold amid the purple tide.  
Mothers, ye have not long to wait ;  
Too soon you'll know your darlings' fate.  
In sorrow weep, for never more  
Will they grace hall or cottage door ;  
When, clasp'd in your embracing arms,  
Ye raptured viewed their infant charms.  
Say, did ye with the first fond kiss  
Dream they would die a death like this ?  
Oh, love immortal—anguish deep—  
To think of their unbroken sleep !  
Unbroken ? No ! that sleep shall break—  
That dust to endless being wake ;  
For though no mother watched the bed,  
To smooth the pillow, raise the head,  
God sent His angels there instead.  
And though dark fury raged around,  
And dying warriors strewed the ground,  
Unseen by mortal eye, descending  
Softly, the starry pathway wending,  
Gently around those heroes bending,

Angels displayed the palm—the crown—  
Till that rough bed felt soft as down.  
Ah ! many a one that day was shriven,  
Mercy was sought, and pardon given,  
And many a soul took flight to heaven.  
For God our Saviour's ever nigh  
To mark the prayerful upturn'd eye—  
The breathing of the last-drawn sigh.  
Ye veterans, mourn your offspring gone,  
For when your swords they buckled on—  
Those treasured swords ye strongly prized—  
Your fondest hopes were realized,  
While longing for the dreadful day  
When they their courage might display ;  
And their gay laugh so loudly rang,  
As light they to their saddles sprang,  
While mothers, sisters, turned to hide  
The tears they knew the brave would chide.  
Say, did no dark forebodings tell  
That ye had ta'en a long farewell ?  
They ford the river, mount the steep,  
'Mid the mad tumult loud and deep.  
Upwards, ye gallant clansmen—on—  
Your chieftain follow—all is won !

Despite of sabre, shot, and shell,  
They fought and conquered ere they fell.  
Oh, hardy sons of Scotia's Isle  
On her green sward no more ye'll smile—  
No more your manly forms be seen  
Sporting upon the village green.  
Your tartans, but so late your pride,  
With your own noble blood are dyed.  
And brave Sir Colin ! well might'st thou  
Sheathe thy worn sword and rest it now ;  
But 'tis not done, for thou wilt get  
A laurel'd wreath to crown thee yet.  
Nor is the meed less due to you,  
Ye brave ones, with the blood-stained blue,  
Who joined the fiery combat too.  
O Britain ! in the mighty fray  
How were thy laurels won that day !  
Won by thy valour, thirst, and toil,  
By ruin'd homesteads' blood and spoil.  
Then did those conquerors, bold and true,  
All 'twas in mortal power to do ;  
They flinched not, for they knew 'twas theirs  
To claim a nation's holiest prayers.  
But, ah ! how vain the minstrel's lay,



Nor can the painter's art portray  
The scenes of that eventful day.  
Then fill the wine-cup to the brave  
Who dared the battle and the grave ;  
And, soldiers, your gay banners wave ;  
But on the soil O lightly tread  
Where soundly sleep the honoured dead ;  
And thou sweet Alma, softly lave  
The cemetery of the brave  
Who died their father-land to save !

## THE STRICKEN VILLAGE.

WEEPING for the dead—  
Wives, mothers, sisters, all !  
O'er Hartley village  
Death has thrown a pall.

'Twas not on the battle-field  
Heaven's blue arch above,  
Nor was it in cottage-home  
Watch'd by eye of love ;

But 'twas in a living tomb,  
Husbands, fathers, sons,  
'Mid foul vapour, deepest gloom,  
Died those hapless ones.

Ye were not alone ;  
There was yet another—  
Living, standing by your side—  
Christ, our elder Brother.

Ere your loving friends  
Knew the dismal story,  
Brightest seraphs bore your souls  
To your home of glory.

---

## ON THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

YE who once trode the battle-field  
With Wellington the brave,  
Go put your sable garments on,  
Come to the hero's grave.

There sorrowing princes ye shall meet  
'Neath yonder sacred dome,  
See stern Britannia drop her tears  
Upon the warrior's tomb.

Led by the God of hosts was he,  
And still went conquering on, &  
While angels wove th' unfading wreath  
That crown'd brave Wellington.

Fearless of death he stood before  
The proud Napoleon's host ;  
And led his eager followers on  
Despite the Emperor's boast.

Ye saw them fall upon the field,  
The young, the brave, the true,  
Yet still unhurt by mortal hand  
The Prince of Waterloo.

But now the venerable Chief  
In glory of fourscore  
Hath passed, amid a nation's tears,  
And guards our land no more.

And shall we dare to question where  
The hero's spirit's gone ?  
God hath receiv'd the soul, we trust,  
Of gallant Wellington.

## ON A BELOVED SISTER.

LOUISA now hath long been dead,  
We hear her voice no more :  
The fairest flower that ever grew  
Beside our cottage door.

With fancy's eye I see her yet,  
So gentle, yet so gay ;  
With living things around her,  
And she as blythe as they.

Perch'd on her little rounded arm,  
I see her speckled hen  
Pecking from off her rosy lips  
The crumbs she moisten'd then.

Methinks I hear her voice so sweet  
Right early in the morn,  
Calling her petted chickens round  
The basket full of corn.

And oft I see her throwing back  
From off her brow so fair,  
Her light and silken tresses  
Which floated on the air.

Yet I would never wish her back  
In this dark world of care ;  
In heaven I trust to meet again,  
And be companions there.

She's gone ! and much hath pass'd away  
Which we shall see no more ;  
But that bud I will remember still  
That blossomed at our door.

## ODE TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my forefathers, loved Caledonia,  
 Pure are the crystal-drops dimpling thy rills ;  
 Where are there flowers like thy hawthorn and  
     heather-bell,  
 And the gay yellow broom on thy bleak rugged  
     hills ?  
 Brave are thy sons as the heroes of Bannock-  
     burn,  
 Proud are thy daughters to call them their own ;  
 Brave Caledonia ! gem of the ocean !  
 In beauty and grandeur thou standest alone.  
 Still, then, may Scottish lads, deck'd in their  
     tartan plaids,  
 Ever with heroes of England combine,  
 Heaven will avert the blow, nought shall lay  
     Britain low,  
 While the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock entwine.

## ON THE LATE DUCHESS OF KENT.

PRIDE lays her gaudy plumes aside,  
E'en Mirth forgets to smile ;  
And Royalty, with measur'd step,  
Treads o'er the vaulted aisle.

Warriors and nobles stand in awe  
Amid the general gloom ;  
The highborn and the beautiful  
Are weeping o'er the tomb.

And why ?—the mother of our Queen  
Hath passed away from earth,  
To wear an everlasting crown  
Of dazzling, matchless worth.



And shall a nation's sympathy  
In funeral pomp be seen ?  
Such mockery ill befits our love  
For our right royal Queen.

Britannia pours her sorrow forth  
In gushing tears for thee,  
For she who is our country's pride  
Was fondled on thy knee.

The precepts thou hast given shall live  
In thy fair progeny,  
And lands remote shall bless the day  
That gave our Queen to thee.

Fond mothers, too, shall bless that day ;  
Babes yet unborn shall smile ;  
For thou a mighty charm hast thrown  
Around our native Isle.

Long lov'd, regretted, good Princess !  
Thou'lt live in Britain's fame  
While time shall last or language tell  
Thy own Victoria's name.

## CHURCH BELLS.

HARK ! delightful bells are ringing,  
Thoughts of bygone days are bringing,  
Days of innocence and pleasures—  
Gone for aye, ye heaven-born treasures !  
Oh ! the melancholy feeling  
O'er my soul comes while they're pealing,  
For lov'd friends who, far away,  
Spend a ceaseless Sabbath day.  
But why mourn ? Their toils are past,  
Safe in Jesu's arms at last ;  
There, 'mid glories past revealing,  
Heavenly bells are ever pealing.

## THE CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

“SAY, dearest mother, will you and I  
Live far above yon starry sky?  
Say, may I wander through flowery fields  
Where the breath of the morning rich fragrance yields?  
Will rivers and brooks be in yonder land,  
And there may I sport with a joyous band?  
Will birds with their melody fill the air,  
And all in that country be sweet and fair,  
And all that I love now so dearly be there?”  
“Dear boy, thy great and unchangeable Sire  
Will bestow all thine innocent heart can desire,  
When thy spirit doth from this bleak world retire.  
There the winds of adversity never shall blow,  
But streams from pure fountains for ever shall flow;  
Yet ‘through great tribulation,’ my darling boy,  
We alone can arrive in yon land of joy.”

## CHILDHOOD.

I LOVE to think on childhood,  
When so careless I would roam  
Where violets sweet were springing  
Far from my cottage home.

To sit and watch the water  
Rippling o'er each pebbly stone,  
Or to cull the flower I fancied,  
All bright and newly blown.

Each bud, each flower, each blade of grass  
Had beauty then for me ;  
My playmates, too, were beautiful,  
So full of love and glee.

And I the leader often was  
Of all that merry band ;  
We looked like some bright beings then  
Come forth from fairy land.

Some of us had raven locks,  
Dark eyes, and dimpled chin ;  
Some eyes of blue, and bosoms fair,  
And hearts as pure within.

The grass it was our carpet,  
Our ceiling the blue sky :  
O, we were happy creatures then,  
No care had they or I.

With hats thrown back from off our heads,  
Now scampering down a hill,  
Now stopping at a bramble bush  
Our baskets there to fill.

O, these were days of gipsying,  
For we often berries took  
For our noontide meal, and quench'd our  
thirst  
From out the purling brook.

And when I've gone on bended knee,  
There to allay my thirst,  
A sportive elf my head would duck,  
Then into laughter burst.

Ah! we had merry faces then,  
And we had sunny eyes;  
This weary world was nought to us,  
Its sorrows or its sighs.

And one there was, a lovely girl,  
Who for my gipsy brow  
Would sit and weave a flow'ry wreath;  
But she's an angel now.

She was a fair and gentle thing,  
Her spirit not like ours,  
The pride, the treasure of us all—  
The beauty of our flowers.

Alas! for they've been scatter'd long,  
That young and goodly band—  
Some struggling with the world, like me,  
Some in a "better land."

## TO THE CITY OF BATH.

HOME of my early days, can I forget thee,  
 Thou mountain-bound city, thou sweet valley,  
 Bath ?

No, for thy lovely scenes oft pass before me,  
 Those scenes which illumin'd my then thorn-  
 less path.

How oft my young feet on thy green sward  
 have gambol'd

While panting for breath up thy hills I would  
 climb ;

My heart then as light as the cool breeze which  
 fann'd me,

Dreaming not of the web wove by old "Fa-  
 ther Time."

Full oft have I stood and gaz'd at "Sham  
Castle,"

"Dig Bigg's" monument tragically rais'd ;  
Many a castle I've built of mine own since,  
Fine airy structures, foundations all craz'd.

Oh, how I love thee still, home of my childhood,  
Toss'd as I've been on the ocean of life ;  
All the sweet hopes of my youth well-nigh  
shipwreck'd,  
Still God keeps my soul 'mid the tumult  
and strife.

Turn to Him, then, O ye wayworn and weary ;  
Look with the eye of faith up thro' the gloom ;  
There sits your Maker and loving Refiner,  
Your Saviour who triumph'd o'er death and  
the tomb.

Where's "Gaffer Vowels," the sturdy old  
farmer,  
Trudging about with his cudgel in hand,—  
A terror to all the young urchins around him  
Who thoughtlessly trespassed or strolled on  
his land ?



Where is the news-vendor, punctual to time—  
aye,

Whose voice sounds so musically still in mine  
ears ?

Gone with the rest of life's early companions,  
Never more to be seen in this valley of tears.

O ye lost lov'd ones, could I behold you !

You who on me so endearingly smil'd !

Why will ye haunt me, sweet visions of beauty ?

Intervening years vanish, and I'm but a child.

Lost, did I say ? O no, not for ever,

'Twere blasphemy sure such vain language  
as this ;

'Twas a glorious transition, death open'd the  
portal,

That led you right on to the regions of bliss.

In fancy once more we climb stiles through the  
greenwood,

Tossing our locks on the breast of the breeze,  
No care before us, time flies swiftly o'er us ;

Riper years never bring pleasures like these.

Thou'rt changed, lovely Bath, but not chang'd  
in thy grandeur,  
Thine own craggy cliff its bold crest yet may  
rear,  
Time may touch with rough hand all beneath,  
all around it ;  
But its base is a rock which time never may  
sere.

Just so is the Christian : tho' tempests surround  
him,  
He heeds not the danger—he fears not its  
form ;  
Securely he's fix'd on the great Rock of Ages,  
And with grandest composure he smiles at the  
storm.

Come, then, Resignation, thou angel of bright-  
ness,  
And teach me to bear what in love hath  
been given :  
Faith, Hope, and Charity, all ye sweet graces,  
Be my companions up onward to heaven.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

Oh, sweet be thy slumbers, boy, down in the  
deep!

The waves of old ocean have rock'd thee to  
sleep:

Thy lullaby how much more potent its charms  
Then when thou wert hush'd in thy young  
mother's arms!

Nor shall sheep-bell's gay tinkle, or cooing of  
dove,

Or sweet song of thrush break thy visions of  
love:

Wild billows may roll, and mad tempests may  
rave,

Chanting requiem hoarse o'er thy watery grave,  
But they'll never disturb the sweet sleep of the  
brave.

The maiden who lov'd thee from childhood's  
    gay hours,  
For thee is preparing a chaplet of flowers;  
But thou'lt never return, they'll wither and die,  
Whilst thou 'mong the weeds of the ocean  
    must lie.

Ere the love of the marvellous taught thee to  
    roam  
From the land of thy birth—from thy dear  
    cottage home—  
Thy parents, so true to the trust that was given,  
Had nurtur'd thy soul for a mansion in heaven.

O'er all gems in the mighty deep peerless thou'lt  
    shine,  
Unapproachable still like a king thou'lt recline,  
Like a prince thou wilt rest on thy gay coral  
    bed,  
Till the sea shall be summon'd to "give up her  
    dead."  
But free and unshackl'd thy spirit will stray,  
Whispering peace to thy mother who kneeleth  
    to pray.

## COUSIN KATE.

OH, don't you remember the stream, cousin Kate,  
The stream by the side of the mill ?  
And the sweet gurgling brook where our pitchers  
we took—

Our little brown pitchers—to fill ?

Our mothers, sweet Kate, and our dear sainted  
sires,

Ah ! where, cousin, where are they now ?  
Gone away to their home through the valley of  
death,

Where care never wrinkles the brow.

Do you mind, too, the shady green wood, cousin  
Kate,

Where we oft heard the nightingale's song ?  
Ah ! those were sweet moments to you and to me,  
Far away from the gay giddy throng.

Do you mind, too, the ploughboy, the merry  
young wag—

With his heart ever brimful of joy,  
Who cared less for the world than the world  
cared for him,  
And counted ambition a toy?

Do you remember the old dusty miller, dear  
Kate?

So heavy at moving along,  
Who liv'd on and laugh'd o'er the good things  
of life,  
And, if right, never car'd who was wrong?

Ah! well I remember the day, cousin Kate,  
When I twin'd orange-wreaths round your  
brow,  
That your lover in pride gaz'd entranced on his  
bride,  
For you were bewitching, I trow.

But, ah! I remember best of all, my dear Kate,  
When Colin, the brave and the true,  
One sweet summer eve came to our garden gate,  
The first time your cousin to woo.

Ah ! those were the sunny bright days, dearest  
Kate,

When all seem'd so fair and so good ;  
But nought now remains of those once fairy  
scenes

Save the mill, and the stream, and the wood.

For low in the churchyard they lie fast asleep,  
The dearest, the fondest, and best :  
Time is wearing away, we shall soon be as they,  
'Neath the clods of the valley at rest.

But, ah ! on the grand rising day, cousin Kate,  
When our dust shall awake from the tomb,  
We'll meet those lov'd friends where the day  
never ends,  
And night never comes with its gloom.

Then away with all sorrow and tears, dearest  
Kate,  
Which cloud and bedim these poor eyes ;  
There's joy in yon land, at our Father's right  
hand,  
Then let us press on for the prize.

## ON THE REV. JOHN WING,

LATE VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, LEICESTER.

FAREWELL, lamented pastor of thy flock !  
 How can our stricken spirits bear the shock !  
 Call'd from thy labour and thy deeds of love  
 To joy's own fulness in thy home above !  
 Thy blameless life, thy peaceful death, shall tell  
 How in thy people's hearts thy name shall dwell.  
 Never, ah ! never more, thy rich-ton'd voice  
 Shall bid the sinner fear, the saint rejoice,  
 Nor of the mourner's future bliss foretell  
 In that fair country where thou'lt ever dwell.  
 Mark'd as the gentleman, the scholar, thou  
 In the e'er kindly word, the graceful bow,  
 Thy silvery locks, the patriarchal grace,



The sweet composure of thy saint-like face,  
Seem'd ever to "adorn the holy place."  
Now with the innumerable angelic band  
Thou'lt live securely in the spirit land—  
Far from this world, its endless vain turmoil  
And disappointment. Varied grief and toil,  
At our Redeemer's beck, have pass'd away  
For purest joys, for scenes of brighter day;  
United to those worthies of renown—  
Thy palm like theirs—like theirs thy glorious  
crown.

Forgive, then, ah! forgive the tears we shed—  
Affection's tribute o'er thy narrow bed.  
Not "without hope" we sorrow o'er the sod:  
We know thy spirit dwelleth with thy God.

## THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

AWAKE, my fair-hair'd boy ! why sleepest thou ?  
 Why are thy cheeks so pale ? so pale thy  
     brow ?

Why are thy locks into disorder flung ?  
 Thy sword unsheath'd—thy bugle all unslung ?  
 Thy war-horse waits, so true to battle bred,  
 Tossing with pride his noble neck and head ;  
 But vainly waits for thee, for thou art dead !  
 Whose hand like thine will smooth his glossy  
     mane ?

Whose hand like thine will gaily guide the  
     rein,  
 To check or cheer him o'er the battle-plain ?  
 Not one, fair boy ! thou wert too gentle far  
 To bide the brunt, to learn the art of war.

Wake, sleeper, wake ! thy bed is cold and damp,  
Thy comrades wait thee in yon noisy camp.

No, ne'er again reveillé shalt thou sound—  
Thy happy spirit treads more peaceful ground ;  
No trump of discord in that land is found.  
Hush ! softly ! come not near with martial  
tread—

Come, ye fair spirits, your soft pinions spread  
O'er him, a widow's son ;—shield his young  
head.

Thy mother !—ah, thou wert her only joy !  
How will she long to see her darling boy !  
Fondly for thee shall her sad spirit yearn ;  
But vain her hopes—thou never canst return.

Thy father died ; ah, sad alternative !

Thee they enroll'd, to let thy mother live.

Full oft in dreams has she beheld her child,  
Gaz'd on her brave young soldier-boy, and  
smiled,

Pleas'd with the martial airs thou didst assume,  
When full equipp'd with bugle, sword, and  
plume,

Then wake to weep—fond hearts alone can tell  
What grief is hidden in that word “farewell.”

Oft do her thoughts revert to bygone years,  
When thou, the child of many hopes and fears,  
Sat'st on her knee, smiling amid thy tears.  
Then she has been of half her cares beguil'd  
By the sweet cherub glances of her child,  
While parting back from off thy forehead fair  
The curly tresses of thy flaxen hair.  
Thy faithful dog, worthy his master's trust,  
From off thy marble forehead licks the dust  
Nigh to this place was thy last bivouac,  
There last he shared thy supper and thy sack.  
Perchance he yet may reach thy mother's cot,  
And tell the tale which now thou heedest not.  
Then sleep on now, thou fair-hair'd soldier-  
boy,  
Nought can come near thy lasting bliss to cloy.  
And as of thee each sorrowing comrade speaks,  
Tears shall run down his weather-beaten  
cheeks ;  
Till, half asham'd, he wipes those tears away,  
And, tho' he feels not, strives to look more  
gay.  
He'll fancy still he hears thee in thy glee  
Beside the camp-fire whistling News for Me ;"

Good news, indeed ! with angels thou shalt roam  
O'er plains of glory in thy heavenly home.  
Thy trusting mother yet shall see her boy  
In those bright regions of immortal joy,  
Shall bless the day when, safe from war's alarms,  
Bright angels bore thee to thy Saviour's arms.

---

## ODE TO UNITY.

ALL hail to the Rose of old England !  
Long, long may it flourish and smile ;  
Hail to the Thistle of Scotland,  
And Shamrock of Erin's green isle !

Gracefully twining together,  
Let each to sweet friendship respond ;  
Never let bitter dissension  
Break sweet fraternity's bond.

Then shall no foreign invader  
Dare set a foot on our strand,  
Whilst we are true to each other,  
Joining with heart and with hand.

## ON ROTHESAY CASTLE,

ISLE OF BUTE.

An old man sat by the castle so grey,  
 And aye, as his hand touch'd the strings  
     of his lute,  
 His spirit pour'd forth a plaintive lay  
 O'er the stately ruins of charming Bute.

Thy glory's gone, no merriment  
 Is heard within thy halls;  
 Upon the ear no vesper hymn  
 With holy music falls.  
 No longer here the tartan'd chief  
 To martial duty calls;  
 Here are no courtly maidens now,  
 Or men of chivalry,

Who used to pay their homage  
Upon the bended knee.  
They've pass'd away—they've pass'd away  
Like other earthly things,  
And ivy clings in sadness  
To the once gay home of kings.  
Here 'twas the broken-hearted sire  
In sullen sorrow died,  
And here the English monarch came  
To heal his wounded pride.  
But now here sits the gloomy bird,  
And spectres, it may be,  
Dance to the howling winds,  
And hold their midnight revelry.  
How chang'd it is! how chang'd it is!  
Time with a wondrous stride  
Hath pass'd, and left grim ruin here,  
Enthron'd in regal pride.  
Here, on this spot, our hardy sires  
Oft met their daring foes,  
Till fir'd by coward hands at last,  
Then did its glory close.  
And now again how sad the strain  
Flow'd from the minstrel's lute,

O'er him who kept this high domain—  
Late noble Lord of Bute.  
O where is he, the once belov'd,  
The generous, and the good,  
Who in the cause of suffering worth  
The great supporter stood?  
'Twas his delight to visit oft  
The poor man's sad abode,  
Where want, disease, and sad despair,  
Make up his galling load.  
Long shall this lovely isle weep o'er  
Her honour'd chieftain's dust;  
The mighty spirit hath resign'd  
To God her sacred trust.  
“My days are nearly number'd,”  
The aged minstrel said,  
“For wintry frosts and summer suns  
Have bleach'd this hoary head.  
But on this charming, happy isle  
My youthful feet oft trod;  
Then of her beauties let me sing.  
While wandering o'er the sod.”



## THE GIPSY MAID.

Away in the woods there,  
Down deep in the shade,  
Lives the pride of the gipsies,  
The merry brown maid.

She is firm to her trust ;  
Think you aught can e'er bribe  
This flower of the forest,  
This gem of her tribe ?

Child of our nature,  
Then why should not she  
Be as faithful and loving  
And joyous as we ?

How oft, when a child,  
Have I run from my play  
If I heard of the gipsies  
A-coming that way !

Tho' I lov'd their wild nature,  
I dar'd not to face  
Those whom I despis'd  
As a fugitive race.

But tho' wild be our nature,  
Our hearts may prove good ;  
'Tis so with the girl  
In the shady green wood.

A PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF  
PEACE IN 1854.

Go forth, O Lord of Hosts, go forth,  
And guard our gallant band ;  
Go forth, O Lord of battles, go,  
And stay war's slaughtering hand.

Look down with pitying eye, and see  
Our homes left desolate ;  
And on the blood-red field again  
Let peace and mercy wait.

Say to the raging storm, " Be still,"  
Bid man his foe forgive ;  
Let those who bravely went to die,  
Return in joy to live.

We are, O Lord, by sin defiled—

A froward, guilty race ;

O teach us by thy judgments still

To seek thy proffer'd grace.

Our vows we make to Thee, O Lord,

Thy blessings we invoke,

Yet worship other gods than Thee,

And thy just wrath provoke.

We, as our fathers did of old,

Bow down to wood and stone,

Unmindful of our Saviour's love,

His cross and dying groan.

But spare us, Lord of mercy, spare,

And guard our gallant band ;

Go forth, O Lord of armies, go,

And stay war's slaughtering hand.

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

SWEET Liberty ! who would not be free ?  
The birds of the air, and the fish in the sea—  
Ay, nature itself, is gladden'd by thee.  
The clear little brook, as it sends with a song  
Its waters away with such glee,  
Tells the lone passer-by, as he travels along,  
That its health all belongs unto thee.  
The flowers of the field, as they gracefully bend  
To let the breeze pass overhead,  
Tell the urchins who pluck them so careless  
that they  
Would much rather bloom in their bed,  
With fragrance to scent the low vale,  
To gladden the heart and the eye,

Than thus be upturn by the roots—  
Alas! soon to wither and die.  
The worm just upturn'd by the spade  
Doth in silence for liberty sue,  
Doth so meekly for liberty plead,  
Telling man it hath business to do.  
Yes, nought was created in vain—  
Not the meanest thing under the sun;  
God made all things after their kind,  
And commanded their work to be done.  
The bee hums its song of delight  
As from floweret to floweret it skips;  
Tenacious of liberty still,  
See how cautious the nectar she sips,  
Lest the school-boy, with satchel in hand,  
So joyous with liberty too,  
Bent on mischief, should put her to flight,  
Little caring the folly to rue.  
The butterfly spreads her gay wings,  
And gracefully flutters with glee;  
Whilst the thrush sweetly sings, near the case-  
ment encag'd,  
Yet anxiously longs to be free.

Sweet butterfly ! emblem of man's heavenly  
state

When he breaks from his mortal control—

A worm yesterday, now an angel of light—

With liberty stamp'd on his soul.

O Britain, thou land of the brave and the free !

A magnet, a star, and a gem !

Attractive to strangers from nations afar,

A home and a refuge for *them*.

The slave, to the galley once chain'd,

Sets his foot on thy shore and is free,

While in accents best known to himself

He chants a loud pæan to Thee !

ON THE DEATH OF THE  
PRINCE CONSORT.

DEPARTED Prince, of peerless worth !  
Gem of a mighty shore !  
Lamented Consort of our Queen,  
Thou'lt grace her throne no more !

Star of our Isle, so brightly set  
In thy meridian light ;  
Transcendent was the brilliant path  
That mark'd thy heavenward flight.

Peace was thy motto, noblest Prince,  
No deeds of carnage thine ;  
Now ever with the Prince of Peace  
Thine angel form shall shine ;  
Whilst love, and liberty, and peace  
Still weep around thy shrine.



Patron of arts ! the poor man's friend !  
Submissively we bow  
To Him who laid death's chilling hand  
Upon thy manly brow.

For thee, loved Sovereign, countless tears  
In sympathy are shed ;  
Thy faithful subjects long shall mourn  
O'er the illustrious dead.

Tho' thy lov'd offspring are no more  
By a fond sire caress'd,  
Yet may we hope that they may rise  
To call their *mother* bless'd.

What virtues graced his honour'd name !  
May such be found in them—  
Living the bright unsullied life  
That mark'd the parent stem.

Then shall Religion hold her sway  
O'er this our happy Isle ;  
And prince, and peer, and cottager  
Round Britain's throne shall smile.

## LUCY; OR, THE COTTAGE CHILD.

Rosy child, with sunburnt face,  
Eyes of such bewitching grace,  
Locks 'tween fair and glossy jet—  
Methinks thou art a real brunette.  
Then thou hast a fairy tread—  
Wild flowers, laughing, lift their head  
When thou trippest o'er their bed ;\*  
But while thy lap is filled with flowers,  
Dost thou dream of coming hours—  
Future hours all fraught with woe  
In thy pilgrimage below ?

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\* “ E'en the slight harebell raised its head  
Elastic from her airy tread.”—*Scott*.

No ! thou little gipsy queen,  
Thine's a life of joy, I ween.  
Now thou'rt swinging on the gate,  
Heedless of the farmer's hate ;  
Now, on rope between the trees,  
Thou art toss'd upon the breeze,  
Whilst thy locks, as playful too,  
Seem the very breeze to woo.  
Of all urchins wildest weed,  
Thou'rt a very romp indeed—  
Yet a fairy queen, I trow,  
Little maid with sunburnt brow.  
Here thou art to girlhood grown,  
Like a floweret but half blown :  
Still thy life is but a trance.  
Dost thou join in merry dance ?  
Dream not, maiden, of true bliss,  
In a faithless world like this.  
Mark me, trusting one, 'tis true,  
Earthly joys are not for you.  
Do I see thee yet again ?  
Wert thou made a bride—and when ?  
Thought hath settled on thy brow—  
Cypress wreath entwines it now.

Thou, the once sweet laughing maid,  
Cast unheeded in the shade,  
Dost thou see gay childhood's hours,  
When thine hands were fill'd with flowers?  
When thy sweet face beam'd with bright-  
ness,

And thy step was joy and lightness?  
Dost thou see confiding youth,  
When thy fancy painted truth?  
Yet another scene thou'lt view—  
Walk thou on—the good pursue.  
God hath all these trials given  
To prepare thy soul for heaven.  
Like pure gold, thou hast been tried—  
In the furnace purified.  
Still hope on—thy pilgrimage  
God will bless with silvery age.

## ON CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

IN sunny childhood, careless, gay, and free,  
 A generous, leal, light, loving heart had he ;  
 His Christian parents' hope and future joy  
 Was this true-hearted, noble soldier-boy.  
 And tho', in after years, 'mid pleasure's maze,  
 He pass'd some few and hapless "evil days,"  
 His guardian angels round him fondly spread  
 Their sheltering wings to shield his youthful  
     head.

Onward they watch'd him—mark'd the sigh  
     sincere

Which e'er must follow on our wild career ;  
 Nor rested till his contrite heart was laid  
 Low at His feet who hath our ransom paid.  
 Yet that kind heart, e'er ready to forgive,  
 That foot which turn'd to "let the reptile live,"

With dauntless courage join'd our country's  
cause,  
Defying those who trampled on her laws.  
And, 'mid the horrors of that dread campaign,  
With zeal he labour'd on the battle-plain ;  
Like our Great Teacher, ever doing good,  
Fearless of death the young believer stood.  
“ This way, ye 97th ! ” he cried—and fell,  
While leading those brave few he lov'd so well :  
His dying words their mighty import tell.  
O may the path illustrious Vicars trod  
Lead our brave army to “ the Christ of God ! ”  
While in the conflict at the great Redan,  
With numbers far exceeding man to man,  
His soul, so eager for her sweet repose,  
Clapp'd her glad wings, and in full splendour  
rose.

Blest Hedley Vicars ! name for ever dear !  
Our hearts send forth the tributary tear ;  
We mourn in spirit o'er thy distant grave,  
Thou Christian patriot—noblest of the brave !

## THE VILLAGE TREASURE.

SEE yon sweet village maid, whose nut-brown  
hair

In bright luxuriance shades her forehead fair,  
Whose dimpled cheeks bear health's unblemish'd  
hue,

With mild soul-speaking eyes to virtue true.  
Artless her manner—humble, lacking pelf,  
She's unadorned simplicity itself.

O happy peasant! enviable lot!  
Her love concentred in her native cot.

Early inured to toil the livelong day,  
She whiles the pleasing hours of life away.

Unselfish she, and frugal still her fare,  
Her aged helpless mother's all her care—  
Still for the wretched has a mite to spare.

O happy being ! clad in mortal clay,  
Bless'd with the power to chase life's gloom  
away.

Early she learn'd the maxim of the wise—  
To have enough is to economize.

By nature frank, no wish lies unrevealed ;  
She little keeps, save her good deeds, concealed.  
This unaffected girl, "the proud one's scorn,"  
Is doubly noble though but lowly born ;  
Predestin'd heir of immortality,

Trained for those glorious realms from infancy.

O happy peasant ! from the crowd retired,  
Seen but by few, and by as few admired.

Would many a one could share thy blissful lot,  
For true-born pleasures glad thy lowly cot.

Go seek this Christian in declining life,  
Ask her how she hath borne the world's stern  
strife,—

How wrinkled age, with hand so sure and sly,  
Hath passed her thus so long unnotic'd by,  
Nor furrowed yet her brow, nor dimmed her eye ?  
She'll say, with finger pointing to the sky,  
"He who came down our fallen race to save  
Taught me how I the storms of life might brave,



Taught me to be submissive to the rod  
Which draws us nearer to a gracious God.”  
O happy pilgrim ! smiling 'mid thy tears,  
Thou see'st with eye of faith, through yonder  
    spheres,  
Thy future home by ransom'd spirits trod—  
The grand, refulgent city of our God.

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DECORATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH,  
LEICESTER.

BRING hither flowers all wet with dew,  
    Love's sweetest offering ;  
Bring rose-buds, lilies, violets blue,  
    Fresh from the lap of spring.

And weave ye garlands rich and rare,  
    To deck this ancient pile ;  
And ring ye bells a merry peal,  
    That youth and age may smile.

Ah, many a bud pluck'd by the hand  
Of Him whose name is Love,  
Adorns those courts of Christ our Lord—  
Gems of the church above.

There, thro' the gardens of our God,  
They shed their odours sweet;  
With sweet Hosannas chant His name,  
And worship at His feet.

But say, what mean these weeds of woe,  
Amid the festive scene?  
These sombre vestments seem to mock  
All but the evergreen.

And this in grandeur seems to smile  
Upon his gay compeers—  
Meet emblem of immortal joy  
Beyond this vale of tears.

There, in those realms of pure delight,  
Crown'd kings and conquerors bow;  
There wreaths of never-fading bloom  
Adorn each radiant brow.

Then bring ye flowers—Spring's choicest  
flowers,

To grace this funeral gloom :  
Around our late loved vicar's urn  
Scatter a sweet perfume,  
And swell the choral anthem high  
In this time-hallowed dome.

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## THE WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER.

In a neatly thatched cot, round which flowers  
are blooming,

My father, the woodcutter, lives ;

He hath little to spare, for his comforts are  
rare,

Yet he cheerfully gives what he gives.

When the poor houseless wanderer comes to his  
door,

A morsel he gives, and would gladly do more :

Oh, there's nought in this wide world such joy  
to me gives  
As our sweet little cot where the woodcutter  
lives.

I live at the hall, and I love them all there,  
But they've nought I admire like my father's  
arm-chair;  
Or the neat garden-gate, where at set of the sun  
He whistles a tune when his labour is done;  
Or the rose-tree poor Bessy set with her own  
hand,  
Ere she left us to go to that beautiful land.  
Ah! she look'd so divine as she whisper'd to me,  
"When I'm gone, sister Jane, will you mind  
my rose-tree?"  
I promis'd, and kiss'd her, and bade her fare-  
well,  
And she went in her bloom with the angels to  
dwell.

Oh! I love our dear cot, 'tis more lovely by far  
Than the palace where glitter the diamond and  
star.

My mother plies hard with her needle, and sings,  
And sunshine around our dear cottage she  
flings ;

She gossips with none, but is kindly to all—  
A friend ever near at necessity's call.

But think you that grief never enter'd our  
home ?

Ah, yes ! and we've often had much to bemoan ;  
But we've learn'd to be patient, whatever  
betide,

For the Father of Mercies in mercy doth chide ;  
And if want should assail us, why then He'll  
provide.

Oh, there never on earth was a lovelier spot  
Than the home of my childhood—the wood-  
cutter's cot !

## THE HERMIT.

BENEATH a lofty mountain's awful brow,  
Far in a dreary solitary wood,  
With nought save owls to break the midnight  
gloom,  
A hermitage o'ergrown with ivy stood.

Forth from the mountain welled a crystal  
stream,  
Which murmuring flowed adown its rugged  
side ;  
And fruits and herbage grew around the spot,  
Where worth and wisdom did in peace abide.

Surely, methought, when first it met my view,  
Mortal ne'er can in this lone place reside :

I scarce had spoken, when, with anxious sight,  
A reverend father bent with age I spied.

I started—for his snow-white flowing locks,  
His furrow'd cheeks, his staff, his saintly air,  
His peaceful smile, his soft but beaming eye,  
Bespoke him one of earthly beings rare.

“Young stranger,” thus began the hoary sage,  
“Welcome, thrice welcome to this blest re-  
treat,  
For though I’m by the giddy world forgot,  
I with my Saviour hold communion sweet.

“Then come,” said he, “thy weary limbs shall  
rest  
On my rude couch ; and soon I will prepare  
The best that my lone humble cell affords :  
What bounteous heaven bestows, with thee I’ll  
share.”

Then bent his trembling step towards his cell,  
Round which sweet flowers in wildest beauty  
grew :

“Ah, sure,” said I, “true happiness dwells  
here,  
Which long I’ve sought, which worldlings  
never knew.”

We entered: on his rustic table strew’d  
Were holy books—his only treasures there;  
A thrush sang sweetly at the gothic door;  
His faithful dog lay sleeping in the chair.

Suspended on his aged breast he wore  
A golden crucifix, which oft he’d kiss:  
I asked his reason, “Oh, my son,” said he,  
“This is the passport to eternal bliss.”

“Then say, good father, is it mine to know  
What caused thee to forsake life’s bustling  
noise—  
To leave the pleasures and the haunts of men,  
And seek alone these solitary joys?”

“Alas! my son, I’ve proved the world’s deceit;  
Its joys are worthless—trifling all are they:  
Here sweet religion is my dearest friend;  
My God, my Saviour, is my only stay.



“ I lov’d a maiden, but in vain I lov’d ;  
A wealthy rival gained her father’s heart ;  
And when I sought the lovely maiden’s hand,  
With scorn her father bade *me* soon depart.

“ Ah, she was graceful as an angel bright,  
No ill suspected, for no ill she knew ;  
Her tender heart would melt at tale of woe,  
Her tears were precious as the heavenly dew.

“ We wept—embraced—we parted—met no  
more !

This sacred crucifix to me she gave :

‘ Dear youth,’ said she, ‘ oh, wear this for my  
sake ;

With this in view, thou wilt life’s sorrows brave.’

“ Vainly she wept upon her bridal morn—  
Unheeded were her words, lost were her tears :  
They were united, but her sordid sire  
Soon had no child to cheer his drooping years.

“ She found her partner proud and faithless too ;  
His riches had not power to bless the mind :

In glittering halls a wretched wife was she—  
In splendid misery for me she pined.

“She is no more ! but, with her parting breath,  
She bade them tell me that she lov’d me  
still,

And that she would my guardian angel be  
To shield my future life from every ill.

“Sweet one ! she long hath dwelt in happier  
climes ;

Full oft she’ll look in pity down on me,  
Till gracious heaven shall send the mandate forth  
To set my weary, willing spirit free.”

This tale he told, and then the hermit wept,  
But, turning, quickly brush’d his tears away :

“ You see, my son, how fondly I have loved  
Since I the weakness of a child display.”

With herbs and fruits his table then he spread,  
And press’d me kindly to partake his fare ;  
To rest my weary limbs prepar’d the couch ;  
Then offered up to heaven his evening prayer.

Years passed, and oft I visited his cell,  
And from his lips have learn'd life's bliss to  
scan :

He's gone ; but oft I've bless'd the happy day  
When first I met that aged, pious man.

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## THE IDIOT.

COMPOSED ON READING A TALE.

WHEN the sickle gleams bright thro' the ripe  
yellow corn,

And beauty is strewed o'er the sod ;

When nature is humming glad music and nought,  
But man is ungrateful to God ;

When the gleaners, all radiant with roses and  
smiles,

To the village are wending their way,

Bending 'neath the rich burden of beautiful  
grain—

No monarch more happy than they ;

'Tis then, with her baby-doll press'd to her  
heart,

Poor Mary, the idiot, will hie

To an old haunted ruin, with Hector, her dog,

To chant there her wild lullaby.

Indiscreet, but not criminal, Mary had been,

For she secretly wedded, and then

She roused the proud blood of the Stuarts which  
ran

Through the veins of the Laird of the glen.

He stamp'd, and he swore, her cold-hearted  
sire,

As he strode from his “ But to his Ben ;”

Then expell'd from his presence for ever and aye

This beautiful child of the glen.

The husband, whom Mary had urged to depart

“ 'Till her father's fierce anger was o'er,”

Flew back to the rescue, but destined was he  
To see his lov'd Mary no more !

Young Roderic was drowned ; his cold corpse  
was found ;

Too soon the sad tidings were spread :  
Now Mary oft chides the worms on his grave  
As they trespass upon his cold bed.

And oh, very oft, on a bright summer's day  
She wanders beside a lone stream ;  
On a bed of sweet violets her baby she lays,  
And of angels will tell it to dream.

Then she'll stoop down and wash its white robes  
in the brook,  
Flinging back the wild locks of her hair,  
Tell you spirits so gentle are waiting for them,  
And that she must the raiment prepare.

Poor Mary's beloved by the villagers round ;  
And when her day's wandering is o'er,  
Her steps she'll bend homeward ; right welcome  
is she  
At every poor cottager's door.

Blithe urchins returning from school or from  
play

Will flock round poor Mary, and then,  
When she utters her ravings, will loudly applaud  
This poor harmless child of the glen.

Sweet Mary ! that merciful God who saw fit  
Thy soul and thy reason to sever,  
Will temper the wind to thee, thou shorn lamb,  
And bind up thy spirit for ever.

## THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

Yes ! angels may look on man's folly and weep,  
View his crimes with a pitying eye,  
Give his pride and his passions a check in their  
    course,  
And the legions of darkness defy.

They fly o'er the faithless and fathomless deep,  
Are wrapp'd in the thunder-cloud dreary and  
    dark ;  
And whilst the poor mariner calls on his God,  
They solace his spirit, and guard his frail bark.

Then swift as the lightning the dying to cheer,  
Whisper peace to the contrite whose sins are  
    forgiven ;  
And when the last pangs of fond nature are o'er,  
Strike their harps and away with the spirit to  
    heaven.

## THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

O GIVE me back my Highland hills,  
O'er which I used to roam,  
Give me the broom and heather-bell  
Which blossom round my home!

O Mary dear, I hear thy voice  
High o'er the raging foam,  
Thou'rt whispering, "Donald, haste thee back  
To bless our Highland home."

No, never! for in distant lands  
Life's sorrow I will brave,  
Since thou, my light and only joy,  
Art sleeping in the grave.

Then farewell, bonny Scotland dear,  
I'm hastening o'er the sea;  
Farewell to broom and heather-bell,  
But, Mary, not to thee!



For tho' no more o'er hill and dale  
With thee I gladly roam,  
We yet shall meet, to part no more,  
In yon bright, better home.

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## ON MARY MAGDALENE.

Not gold nor rubies didst thou bring  
As offerings to heaven's mighty king;  
No! 'twas not trifles such as these  
That could thy Father's wrath appease;  
But, filled with guilt's embitter'd smart,  
Thou didst present thy contrite heart,  
And wash thy Saviour's sacred feet  
With tears of penitence so sweet;  
Wiped them with thy dishevell'd hair,  
Nor precious ointment didst thou spare.  
He watch'd thy tears, and took a part  
In the wild throbbings of thy heart—  
Forgave thy sins—bade anguish cease,  
And bade thee, Mary, "Go in peace."

## ON DEPARTED FRIENDS.

FRIENDS of my youth, ye're departed,  
And left me all silent and sad ;  
Still o'er life's troubles brave-hearted,  
Tho' mourning for joys I once had.

How sacred is friendship's devotion  
Your fond hearts and mine once could tell ;  
But ye've sailed life's tempestuous ocean,  
And bade me for ever farewell.

I returned, and I thought to have found ye,  
As I left you, all healthy and gay ;  
But broken's the spell which then bound me,  
Since, beloved ones, ye're far, far away.

At eve as I pensively view  
Yon lovely bright star in the sky,  
'Tis then that my tears flow anew,  
When none save my Maker is by.

Why grieve? a few more fleeting years  
May bring us together, and then,  
Beloved ones, ye'll dry all my tears,  
And we'll never be parted again.

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COMPOSED ON VISITING THE TOMB  
OF BURNS AT DUMFRIES.

BEHOLD, thè lovely Muse descends,  
Through breezes soft her way she wends,  
To hail the rustic swain.

The all-inspiring mantle she  
Around him throws right cannilie  
On Ayrshire's rural plain.

“Go bid fair Scotia's nobles now  
Wreathe round her bard's poetic brow  
The poet's deathless bays.

“ All bards for wit thou shalt transcend,  
E'en princes at thy shrine shall bend—  
That shrine a peasant's plough.”

This said, she quickly disappears,  
Leaving our bard 'mid joyous tears,  
Poetic-raptur'd now.

Then rest in peace, fair Scotia's son,  
A brighter wreath I trust thou'st won  
Than fabling Fancy gives.

May'st thou be singing sweeter strains,  
Where everlasting music reigns,  
And fame for ever lives.

## THE LITTLE FRUIT SELLER.

FROM A PICTURE AT ERROL PARK.

SWEET child, I feel for thee ! the passer-by  
 Will cast on thee a cold unpitying eye ;  
 Thy supplicating looks will meet disdain—  
 Contempt that must thy tender bosom pain.  
 'Tis hard, for something noble I can trace  
 In the fine features of thy thoughtful face.  
 Genius is stamp'd upon thy brow so fair,  
 Half hidden by the tresses of thy hair—  
 Bright golden locks that need a mother's care ;  
 And mild the lustre of thy soft blue eye,  
 Whilst thy complexion might with lilies vie.  
 Yet want, pale want, sits on thy cheeks so fair,  
 And mocks the tint that fain would mantle there.  
 Those fingers, cast in nature's finest mould,  
 With silken string thy trusty favourite hold—  
 A treasure dearer far to thee than gold.  
 Fair child, I pity thee !—that faithful brute,  
 Crouch'd at thy feet to guard thy summer fruit,  
 Perchance is all the friend thou well canst own :  
 He too, like thee, a better state hath known.

## TO A COUSIN.

WHEN I am far away from thee,  
 And 'tween us rolls the faithless sea,  
 And I hear no more thy social glee,  
     Wilt thou remember me,

Mary?

Should fortune's banners o'er me wave,  
 Or misery's winds around me rave,  
 One last request—no more—I crave;  
     Then, then remember me,

Mary!

When far from my own native isle,  
 And solac'd by a stranger's smile,  
 While flattering hopes mine hours beguile,  
     Oh, still remember me,

Mary!

Then, if in after years we meet,  
 In friendship true each other greet,  
 Ah, then will come the memory sweet  
     That thou'st remembered me,

Mary!

## THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE

HER work is hurried o'er, and Kate's away  
With braided hair and dress so clean and neat ;  
The old folks she has promised not to stay,  
And told them she is going a friend to meet.

'Tis strange, but so it is when old we're growing,  
The younger generation think we're dull,  
And sometimes think themselves a little knowing  
When the suspicions of old age they lull.

Kate did not mind the tale her grannie told  
Of stolen meetings oft in ruin ending,  
Wondering how maidens now could be so bold,  
Flirting when they might be their stockings  
mending.

But poor old grannie she might scold in vain,  
For Kate had better notions of her lover ;  
In him who sought her youthful hand to gain,  
She never yet one blemish could discover.

So grannie she was wrong thus to be scolding,  
For William he was honest, kind, and brave ;  
And while these lovers were communion  
    holding,  
Approving heaven smiled on the joys it gave.

But hark, that sound ! it is the village bells,  
And Kate, true to her time, is home returning ;  
Then, in a gentle voice, to Will she tells,  
To introduce him to her sire she's yearning.

The lad is " nothing loth ;" so near the eot  
He lingers till young happy Kate ran in,  
And begged her mother to forbid it not,  
As she was sure the lad would favour win.

There, by a nice clean hearth and cheerful fire,  
Sat Kate's fond father in his old arm-chair ;  
'Twas there you might behold the Christian sire  
With his lov'd Bible and his Book of Prayer.

The favour's ask'd—'tis given; away Kate flies,  
Conducts him where she'd love him aye to be :  
And now what pleasure's beaming in their eyes !  
A scene like this e'en angels love to see.



Keen was the sire to see the much-loved swain,  
So lifts his spectacles from off his nose—  
There stood the pride of all the rural plain,  
With hat in hand, right trim from top to toes.

And then he had a bold and manly air,  
A countenance where beam'd love, peace, and  
truth,  
By nature taught alone to win the fair,  
A simple rustic, yet a gallant youth.

And Katie she was artless, fair, and mild,  
With dark blue eyes bright as the azure sky ;  
In truth she was dame Nature's fairest child ;  
With any goddess this fair maid might vie.

No gay attire, no ornaments had she ;  
Her beauty shone most when most humbly drest ;  
And she had virtue and simplicity—  
With these you'll say she was supremely blest.

Tray barks a welcome, glad young Kate to see ;  
And she, as playful, pats her favourite's pate ;  
But Tray now wonders who this lad can be  
That has this evening ventur'd home with Kate.

Now see Will seated by the maiden's side;  
Her parents, too, converse with friendly chat,  
And with their simple honest country pride  
They first discourse on this, and then on that.

Awhile he sits, then rises to depart,  
And beckons charming Kate's fond father out,  
Then tells him with a fearful, fluttering heart  
All he that evening had come there about.

Few were his words—"Will dame and you  
consent  
To give me your sweet daughter Kate to wife?  
To live without her I'll ne'er be content—  
With her, I'm sure I'd happy be thro' life."

The old man eyed him, gave a hem or two,  
And then he shook his head, and then he snil'd,  
Then said, "My lad, I scarce know what to do  
In giving thee my only darling child.

"No doubt you mean well, but our youthful Kate  
Is but a meek and very tender flower;  
She ill could bide the storms of cruel fate—  
And ah! how many feel its lawless power!

“Believe me, lad, that all will never pass  
Unruffled with thee in a married life ;  
Experience tells me there are cares and toils  
Which must and will attend on man and wife.

“Think well, my lad, before you wedlock try ;  
Should fortune frown, and poverty pop in,  
How love would quickly thro’ the window fly  
At sight of one so ghastly, grim, and thin.”

“Well,” said the noble youth, “all this, dear  
sir,  
I have considered many a day ago ;  
But still I trust, with industry to stir,  
And scare away the miserable foe.

“God ever was and is the good man’s Friend,  
The honest man’s endeavours He will bless ;  
He may have grief, but angels will attend  
To shield, to soothe, and help him in distress.”

Pleased with such words, the old man turn’d  
aside  
To hide the tear that dimm’d his heavenward  
eye ;

He felt, if Kate became young William's bride,  
His generous heart would ne'er cause her to  
sigh :

Then said, "My lad, I will your plea attend,  
So go you with a cheerful spirit home,  
And you may take my honest word, my friend,  
That you our minds shall know next time you  
come."

And then, reminding him that it was late,  
But asking that he would return and sup,  
"Now see you don't look sad before dear Kate,  
As I would have you keep your spirits up."

And there, on cloth as white as driven snow,  
With willing hands Kate hath the supper spread,  
And then, with prayerful voice distinct and slow,  
The humble and the heartfelt grace is said.

The frugal meal being ended with delight,  
The maiden opes for him the cottage door ;  
He press'd her hand, and kindly bade good  
night,  
Whispering, "Dear Kate, I wish our marriage  
o'er."

He comes again—they fix the wedding-day,  
And soon all is prepar'd both neat and new  
The banns are cried, and bridesmaids now so  
    gay  
Are chosen—two whom Kate from childhood  
    knew.

Not far off stood the church, of Gothic style,  
The path which happy Kate had often trod :  
'Twas there to heaven she gave her earliest  
    smile,  
'Twas there her parents offer'd her to God.

And then its Pastor was so good and mild,  
Who view'd his flock with shepherd's anxious  
    care :  
In wisdom man, in vice but yet a child ;  
A saint on earth, and heaven's immortal heir.

He taught the precepts of our blessed Lord,  
And by his own life set example too  
By rich and poor, by young and old adored—  
So generous, just, and kind to all he knew.

The cell of wretchedness would visit oft—  
Point out and teach redemption's glorious plan ;  
And then in accents so divinely soft  
Declare the Saviour's love to contrite man.

Old Time had left his spacious forehead bare,  
But he had left a reverence in his face,  
That tho' 'twas bleach'd, his once bright auburn  
    hair,  
Those silvery locks did still his temples grace.

And then so firm and dignified his walk,  
And yet no pride, save conscious worth, had he ;  
For he would with the worst, the vilest talk,  
And of his hearers the adviser be.

Such was the Priest. Now comes the bridal day :  
Behold young Kate in all her beauty now ;  
Her cousins see—how busy too are they  
Twining a wreath around her lily brow.

The wished-for hour's arrived, and they're away  
With joyful hearts unto the house of prayer ;  
E'en poor Tray barks and frisks about quite gay,  
And really seems the wedding joy to share.

Now at the altar see the reverend sire,  
Smiling upon the scene with parent's pride,  
Offering to bounteous heaven a fervent prayer  
For blessings on the youthful, blushing bride.

Hark! now the solemn service has begun ;  
The pious man, taught by God's holy book,  
Proclaims this happy couple join'd in one :  
Meek were his accents, mild his heavenly look,

As with authority he bade them dwell  
In love together, till death's fatal dart  
Should break the grand and the mysterious  
spell  
Which binds together many a loving heart.

He tells young William to be kind and true,  
To love and cherish still his new-made wife,  
As God who join'd them would his actions view,  
And mark the course of all his wedded life.

He bade young Kate be dutiful and kind—  
A faithful, fond, and ever-loving wife ;  
Each duty of the marriage state to mind,  
To be a bright and guiding star thro' life.

Saluting her then with a holy kiss,  
He pray'd that God would speed them to life's  
    end ;  
Hoped heaven might crown their mutual love  
    with bliss,  
And fair Religion all their steps attend.

Now, hark ! within the cottage joy's resounding,  
And none more happy or more blest than they ;  
Jokes they are cracking, merry hearts are  
    bounding—  
And why not ? for 'tis Katie's bridal day.

The merry magpie, too, with friendly chat,  
Who long ago had archly learn'd to prate,  
Hopp'd gaily to the chair where William sat,  
And said, "Be kind to my sweet pretty Kate."

The bridal day has flown—and they're away,  
Blest with the prayers of all the village round ;  
And many a one said on that wedding day  
That William had a matchless treasure found.

Now in a snug neat cot this blooming pair  
Are happier far than princes of the land :



A few years passed, and Katie, good and fair,  
Was the fond mother of a beauteous band.

The cot had lattic'd windows, red-brick floor,  
O'er it the foliage of wide-spreading trees ;  
Six sunburnt children gambol'd round the door,  
Whose bright locks sported with the playful  
breeze.

Three hardy, clever lads, whose eyes so bright  
Flash'd forth the genius of the future men ;  
And three sweet girls, pure as the lily white,  
In whom the mother's beauty bloom'd again.

## THE FAREWELL.

FAREWHEEL, my friends ! I fear na mair  
 I'll see your honest faces,  
 For ye maun gang, and sa maun I,  
 To widely-sunder'd places.

But listen, ere I breathe again  
 What gars me sair to greet,  
 And tells me that on earth again  
 We never mair shall meet.

Ye've sax braw sturdy sons, I ken,  
 As e'er wore Highland bonnet :  
 Ye train them weel, and muckle guid  
 Ye may expect upon it.

There's George—he's wedded, and has noo  
 Ane that maun ca' ye grannie ;  
 But ye're no a bit the aulder for't—  
 It gars ye look mair cannie.

And Martin, the young drummer lad,  
The sonsy, weel-far'd chiel,  
O may he, like his daddie, serve  
His Queen and country weel.

But Alec, he's a wag, I ween,  
No like the ane in Dover ;  
And gin I read the callan right,  
He'll be a wee bit rover.

There's independence in his ee—  
He winna be a slave ;  
But that's the spunk, ye ken, that maks  
The bravest o' the brave.

And Willie—he's the mither's bairn—  
He'll ever be the same ;  
The kindly glances o' his ee  
Tell me ye'll love his name.

The twa wee things, just toddling yet  
About their minnie's knee,  
O may they be, in health and grace,  
A' ye wou'd hae them be.

Noo when ye're in a caulder clime,  
And snug and cannilie  
Ye're settled down na mair to roam  
Until the day ye dee ;

When seated by your ingle-side,  
Where hamely joys combine,  
To gar ye think and crack about  
The days o' auld lang syne ;

Then will ye send a passing thought  
Across the stormy sea,  
Wondering what the world's about  
Wi' a' my bairns and me.

And noo again I breathe the word  
Which gars me sair to greet—  
Fareweel, my friends, a long fareweel !  
We never mair shall meet !

## KING DAVID'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON.

O ABSALOM, my son! my son! would I had  
died for thee—

Would that thy sire this woful day had never  
liv'd to see!

Ah! was it well of thee, great chief of all my  
armed men?

Did I not strictly charge ye to bring my son  
again?

Did I not say, when from the field in triumph  
back ye come,

Be sure ye bring to me unhurt the young man  
Absalom?

How well the mandate ye've obeyed his death  
alone can tell.

O Absalom, my princely boy, my beauteous  
one, farewell!

Vain's this mock fealty to me, foul the dark  
deed ye've done,

Ye've buried like an outcast dog my own ill-  
fated son!

O Absalom, my son! my son! fair flower of all  
I cherish'd!

Rather would I have died than thou hadst thus  
ignobly perish'd.

My soul had not pour'd out her grief in this  
lamenting strain,

Hadst thou, 'mid victory, bleeding fall'n upon  
the battle-plain.

Was there not one—not one among ye mighty  
and ye brave—

No hand to save my darling from a base un-  
honour'd grave?

Say not to me "Thy crown he took—thee from  
thy kingdom drove!"

Surely his better spirit oft in that wild conflict  
strove,

Till in an evil hour he was by Satan over-  
come:

O let me weep for evermore o'er my lost Ab-  
salom!

'Tis true he was rebellious—that this fond heart  
he pain'd—

Yet O, my grief is greater far than the false  
joy he gain'd.

'Tis vain to tell me that he was my most em-  
bitter'd foe :

The love which bound him to my heart how  
little can ye know !

My son ! my son ! O had they borne thy life-  
less body here,

I could have eas'd this bursting heart in floods  
upon thy bier !

But vain the wish—thou'rt sleeping now, all  
heedless of thy foes,

Until the eternal morning dawns to break thy  
deep repose.

Ah, what avails it now that ye have this great  
victory won,

Since ye have stain'd your laurels with the life-  
blood of my son !

What tho' my mail-clad warriors with songs  
and shouts advance,

What is the sound of trump to me, the timbrel  
or the dance ?

And vain are all the trophies which ye scatter  
at my feet,  
Since he whom my soul idoliz'd I never more  
may greet.  
Then, to your tents, ye valiant ones! in joy ye  
may not come,  
For lo! your king is weeping o'er dishonour'd  
Absalom.

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## THE BETROTHAL OF REBECCA.

THE birds had gather'd to their roost, the sheep  
unto their fold,  
Just as the sun was setting in a sea of brilliant  
gold,  
When forth came Nahor's maidens, in rustic  
garments clad,  
In all the sweet springtide of youth, light hearts  
and spirits glad,



With pitchers on their shoulders: 'twas a lovely sight, I ween.

With sandal'd feet and graceful step they tripp'd the flowery green ;

But there was one—a lovely one—more favour'd than the rest,

A future mother, in whose line all nations should be blest.

No costly gems bedeck'd her hair, no glittering gold nor pearl :

A crown of simple modesty adorn'd this Hebrew girl.

And as this group of city maids drew nearer to the well,

Say, did not then the good man's heart his errand yearn to tell ?

While Rebecca stood before him in all the grace of youth,

Did it not flash upon his mind—the undisguised truth—

That this was she, the destined one, the precious boon from heaven,

Whom God in His unerring choice had to his master given ?

She graciously presents the draught from out  
the crystal tide ;

The weary way-worn camels, too, with needful  
food supplied.

Sweet kindly-hearted maiden ! meet one for  
Isaac's bride !

Ah ! surely angels smil'd upon that bright  
eventful hour

When thou o'er that good servant's heart dis-  
play'dst thy winning power,

Exalted from the shade to be mother of mighty  
kings—

Progenitors of Him whose praise the mighty  
seraph sings,

Or, low adoring, veils his head beneath his  
starry wings.

Almighty Father ! Thou the God in whom Thy  
people trust,

'Tis Thou canst raise the lowly up—the humble  
from the dust.

Rebecca, who can tell the joy which fill'd thy  
guileless heart

When Abram's faithful servant did the blissful  
tale impart

To thee, thou lovely household gem, by all thy  
friends caress'd—

In Nahor's city where was one so honour'd  
and so bless'd?

Surely the sun ne'er usher'd in a more aus-  
picious morn

Than when thou left'st thy father's home, in  
bridal beauty borne,

Protected by the kindly friends of thy affianc'd  
lord—

More goodly company ne'er rode o'er plain or  
dewy sward.

ON THE RETURN OF BRITISH TROOPS  
FROM INDIA.

WELCOME ! welcome ! gallant band,  
Homeward from a foreign strand—  
Thrice welcome to your native land !  
'Neath proud India's burning sun,  
Battles ye have fought and won.

Delhi and Cawnpore can tell  
How their fancied glory fell,  
By the brave we love so well.

Scarce had clos'd the Russian contest  
'Mid hunger, thirst, and discontent,  
Ere war's bugle loudly sounded,  
And to burning climes ye went.

There 'mid slaughter foul, inhuman,  
Ye held on your weary way,  
Marching by the cheerless moonbeam,  
Resting 'neath the sun's fierce ray :  
There those cowards, murderers, foemen,  
Crouch'd before your dreaded guns ;  
Kings and chieftains knelt before ye—  
Homage paid to Britain's sons.  
May that One who goes before ye  
Fight your battles, plead your cause,  
Still defend old England's glory,  
Still protect her honour'd laws.  
And shall we, whose homes ye shelter  
From dishonour, grief, and shame,  
Shall we fail to crown with honour  
Brave defenders of our fame ?  
Think, when far from home and strangers,  
Sever'd from each holy tie,  
How they've bravely fac'd all dangers  
Rather than dishonour'd die.  
We hail you then, ye brave, ye dear ones !  
Homeward from a foreign strand,—  
Maidens, mothers long to give you  
Welcome to your fatherland.

Hail, "D troop," among the bravest,  
Ye have fought for England's weal,  
Through the toilsome dread campaigning  
Central India knew your zeal.  
O it was a weary watching,  
Seeking tiger in his lair!  
'Mid the jungle, by the torchlight,  
Worn-out sentinels ye were.  
Drizzly rain now thickly falling  
On your brave devoted heads,—  
Chargers' necks your only pillows,  
Chargers' backs your barrack beds.  
Weary eyes that knew no sleeping,  
Drooping on your saddle-bow,  
Thro' the hours of midnight keeping  
Keenest vigils o'er the foe.  
Noblest, bravest British soldiers,  
Scorning respite e'er so brief,  
So that ye might wave your banners  
O'er each haughty rebel chief.  
Nana Sahib, Tantia Topce—  
Demons in a human form—  
Idols fail'd them—nought to lean on—  
Flew before your dreadful storm.

But the day is fast approaching  
When that poor benighted land  
Shall proclaim that ye've been brothers—  
Join with Christians hand in hand.  
Stern Britannia greets her soldiers,  
Wield they gun or battle-blade ;  
And she greets above all others  
England's Royal Horse Brigade.

THE OPENING OF ST. ANDREW'S  
CHURCH, LEICESTER.

'Tis right to build gay palaces,  
Adorn'd with costly things ;  
Right to give rulers honour due,  
And homage pay to kings.

But better far than all the rest,  
Upon this sacred sod,  
To rear a tabernacle fair,  
A temple to our God.

Here shall the gentle Nazarene,  
Who doth our sorrows bear,  
Descend, a mighty God, to hear  
And bless our humble prayer.

Oh ! may its pastor here be bless'd  
In this his arduous task,  
And homeward bring a wayward flock,  
Of thee, O Lord, we ask.



ON THE DEATH OF  
A MUCH LAMENTED CHILD  
OF

CAPTAIN AND LADY H. ALLEN.

COME, bring ye flowers of fairest hue,  
And deck the tomb where Robert sleeps;  
That they may shed their fragrant sweets  
Where a fond mother weeps.

How good, how meet the offering is,  
That mother's heart alone can tell;  
'Tis sweet affection's gift, ere yet  
Earth breathes the last farewell.

Ere yet the sombre coffin-lid  
Hath hid for ever from her sight  
All that death's withering hand could touch,  
All that the cankering worm can blight.

Then scatter flowers, all wet with tears,  
Where love still lingering weeps,—  
Meet emblems of that gentle boy  
Whose dust in silence sleeps.

---

## CARSE OF GOWRIE.

I LOVE thee, bonny Carse of Gowrie,  
Thy crystal streams and meadows flowery.  
Adown thee flows the lovely Tay  
Its sinuous course—its silvery way.  
Rich nature spreads her gay attire  
Round the lov'd home of many a squire ;  
Thy lads and lasses, blythe and gay,  
So happy pass life's early day ;  
For beauty far and near thou'rt famed,  
And Scotia's garden well thou'rt named.  
I still shall love thee, bonny Gowrie,  
Thy crystal streams and meadows flowery.

## HE'S FAR, FAR AWAY.

He's far, far away

O'er the wild raging sea,  
The lad who once sang  
Soft and sweetly to me.

Ah ! why, cruel fates,  
Why did ye decree  
That he should be parted,  
My laddie, frae me ?

How my heart oft rejoic'd  
At a smile frae his ee ;  
And he spoke aye sae kindly,  
The laddie, to me.

Altho', ye rude billows,  
I canna trust you  
To bring again safely  
My laddie so true ;

Yet angels shall watch him,  
And I shall yet see  
Better days dawning bright  
On my laddie and me.

And he will be faithful,  
And I shall yet be  
Sae blythe with the lad  
Who sang sweetly to me.

#### FOR THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

SEARCH this book, and thou shalt see  
Flowers of Eden bloom for thee—  
Diadems thou shalt behold  
Of the purest, brightest gold :  
Study well, and thou shalt be  
Wise thro' all eternity :  
Practise well, and thou shalt wear  
Gems to deck thy golden hair  
When thou art an angel fair.

WRITTEN FOR I. A. M. ON THE EVE  
OF HER MARRIAGE.

I LANG hae loed thee dearly, Willie,  
I lang hae loed thee dearly ;  
All that thou hast said to me  
I've believed sincerely, Willie—  
I've believed sincerely.

Ye're aye sae kind to me, Willie,  
Ye're aye sae kind to me,  
And light's the smile that plays about  
Thy bright and sparkling ee, Willie—  
Thy bright and sparkling ee.

Then let weal or woe betide, Willie,  
Let weal or woe betide,  
Ye shall be the lad yoursel,  
And I will be the bride, Willie—  
And I will be the bride.

Then when the knot is tied, Willie,  
When the knot is tied,  
Sae cantie we will sit and crack  
At our ain ingleside, Willie—  
At our ain ingleside.

---

## ON THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.

WHAT is yon radiant light appearing ?  
What that heaven-born strain so cheering ?  
Who those spirits fair descending,  
O'er the lowly shepherds bending ?  
'Tis the messengers of glory  
Come to tell the welcome story :  
“ Fear ye not, frail sons of earth !  
Haste and hail a Saviour's birth ;  
'Neath yon heaven-directed star,  
Lies the infant God afar :  
Your Redeemer, there a stranger,  
Slumbers sweet in Bethlehem's manger.”

ON THE DEATH OF  
MRS. AMBROSE BLACKLOCK,  
WHO DIED AT MADRAS.

“She gave up the ghost : her sun went down while it was  
yet day.”

Now in a silent grave she sleeps  
Far in a distant land,  
Once star of our domestic hearth,  
Gem of our household band.

With us she trod life's flowery paths,  
Cheer'd us with songs of gladness,  
And with those smiles, too bright to last,  
Oft whiled away our sadness.

'Mid earthly trials meekly she  
The path of duty trod,  
Upon her Saviour cast her care,  
And closely “walked with God.”

No earthly object dimm'd the view  
Of Canaan's blissful shore,  
Where now with the assembled just  
She dwells for evermore.

And though in spirit still we weep  
Upon thy narrow bed,  
Yet, ah ! forgive, blest shade, the tears  
Which we in sorrow shed.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Ah ! could ye have traced your lost Robert's  
flight  
Upward and onward to realms of light,  
Array'd in a robe such as angels wear,  
Soaring aloft thro' the balmy air ;  
Had you seen the commission'd angel-band  
Guiding him home to their Father's land—



Heard as he enter'd their harps sweetly sound,  
While the seraph inhabitants gathered around :  
"All hail, happy spirit! bless'd change thou  
hast made ;  
Here our trees ever blossom, our flowers never  
fade ;  
And more than we wish for before us now lies,  
For Emmanuel hath wip'd all our tears from  
our eyes."

---

## EPITAPH ON A CANARY.

Oh, reader ! drop a tear  
For the songster who lies here ;  
For low beside this dairy  
Tuneless lies our sweet canary.

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

ALL bright be the gems which encircle thy  
brow,

My lov'd benefactress, for ever !

Our Father hath call'd thee away to that land  
Where sorrow and pain can come never.

Tho' thy sweet form in death's chilly arms is  
now lying,

And thy loving friends weeping around,

Yet thou art rejoicing in bliss never-dying,  
With bright Immortality crown'd.

And tho' we shall hear thy sweet voice never  
more

In this dark, dreary valley of tears,

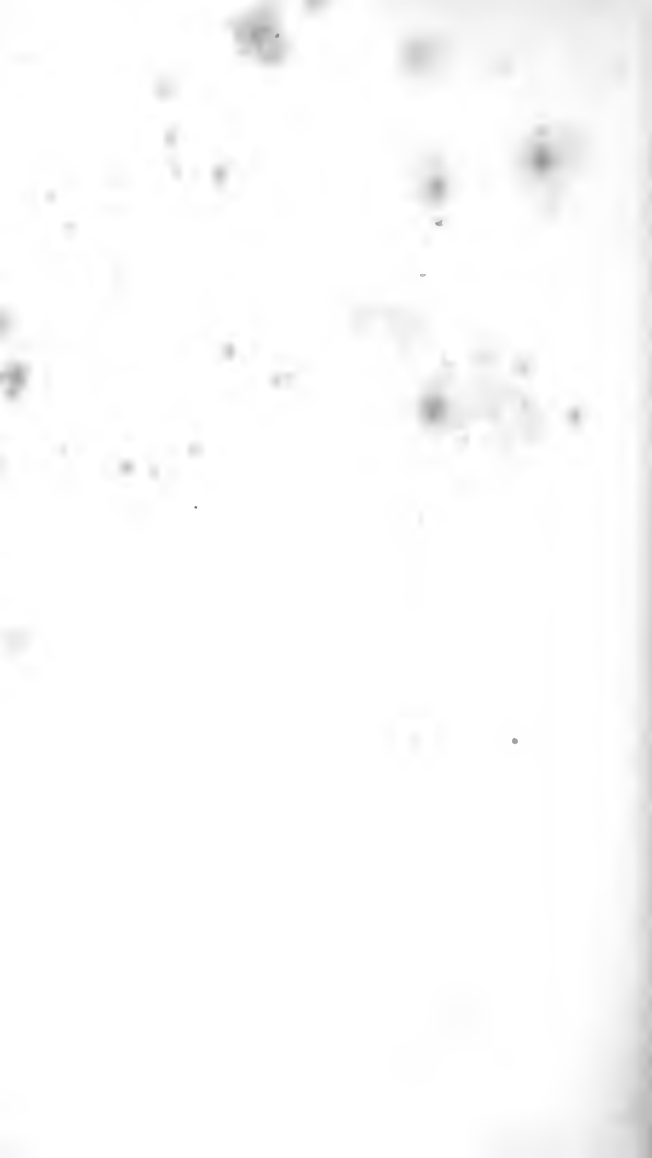
Yet thou thy sweet harp 'mong the seraphs art  
tuning,

Far away thro' yon bright, glittering spheres.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, then, thou lov'd  
one, for ever !

Tho' on earth we shall see thee no more,  
We shall meet thee again, where death cannot  
sever,

When our own toilsome journey is o'er.





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